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TOGO

The Missionary's Dog

An Autobiography

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To my kind Master and Mistress,

To ALICE and JOE,

To all girls and boys,

indeed, to all who love dogs, do I dedicate this book, hoping that the perusal of it will stimulate them in their affection toward all dumb animals, and in their efforts toward securing greater consideration for the well being and happiness of those creatures who are fulfilling the part designed for them by an all wise and beneficent creator.

TOGO.

Hurrah! for the days of puppy-hood,
When hearts were light and free:
Hurrah! for the days of doggiehood,
For the fun and jollity.

Togo, the Missionary's Dog

CHAPTER I.

It is considered by some to be a necessity for a dog to be able to establish his pedigree beyond doubt or quibble, and to show that he has descended from well bred parents, if he desires to be considered a dog of importance.

I am not so sure that I aspire to such an honor as that, however, although I suppose the fact of me writing my own biography at all, betrays a certain desire on my part of being considered of some little importance. That fact also should give sufficient assurance that I am not descended from mean parentage, for nothing is meaner than for a dog to lack self-esteem, and to go prowling about as though he were apologizing for his very existence. I hold that a dog above all animals should possess a certain amount of self-esteem, but he should guard against getting what is called a "swelled head," for that complaint will get a dog into all kinds of trouble.

Do you ask why I make the attempt to write my own biography? For the simple reason that

I consider it will make interesting reading. You are aware that some poor dogs live very uneventful, humdrum lives, as also do some men and women, boys and girls.

Indeed, some dogs scarcely are allowed to leave their kennel, while others must not venture beyond the backyard of the house to which they belong. Such dogs, therefore, would have nothing very interesting to write about. Why, they do not know even what it is to glory in a good fight.

It has been my lot, however, to travel quite a lot, and also to experience many "ups and downs," as the man said who had one short leg.

And though those ups and downs are not always enjoyable experiences even for a dog, yet I quite think that a great number of boys and girls will be interested in reading about them.

There are many people, both young and old, who love dogs, and who are much interested in their doings, and though my chief object is not to boast of myself, yet I believe that such people will be interested.

Ah, yes! To my sorrow I am aware there are some people who positively hate dogs, and who are just ready to kick them when they come near.

I am writing my own experience regarding this, for I have received kicks from boys and also from men, though I have not been in their way, and they have said spitefully: "Get out of it, you brute," or else, "Here, scoot, you hound."

I never could understand why we poor dogs

should be subject to such treatment, for some of us are of such a temperament that we would do anything in our power for those with whom we are acquainted. 'Tis true we are only animals, while men and boys are called human beings; but I could never understand why dogs should be kicked and whacked with sticks for no apparent reason whatever.

Is it not well to remember that not a single one of us asked as a special favor, that we might come into this world? But, owing to the treatment meted out to us, many of us would deem it a favor to be put out of this sometimes uncharitable world where we are so ill treated.

After easing my mind thus far I will now proceed with my story.

Pedigree or no pedigree, my mother was a "Collie" dog. I had not the pleasure of knowing her, as I was taken away from her when but a few days old.

It has been said in my hearing more than once that I am much like her in appearance.

They have also said that she was a very faithful dog, too.

A person who was well acquainted with my mother said she would have been a very useful dog for a sportsman, only, early in life when accompanying her master on a duck shooting expedition, she ran into the water a little too soon and scared the ducks, causing them to fly away beyond reach of the gun.

Her master was angry at this, and, calling her

to him, he whipped her so unmercifully that she was spoilt for hunting after that.

Being a very sensitive dog she always seemed to fear a repetition of that whipping when her master was out with a gun.

Though I did not know my father, I understand that he, too, was a faithful animal, and he was a great hunter.

He was reared upon an Albertan Homestead, and has been known to hunt in the woods for rabbits, bring them home, and lay them at my mother's feet, while she would bark her approval. At other times when my mother was not quite as fast as he in running them down, he would chase away in front of them and turn them toward her, thus giving her the pleasure of catching them for herself.

That is about all that I can tell you of my parents. A good, kind, faithful mother, spoilt by an unwise and cruel master, and a thoughtful, clever father.

If I can show forth these qualities in my life truthfully, I shall be satisfied.

I was born in a rudely built, leaky log shack away in the Canadian Province of Alberta.

It was about midwinter, and the temperature was about twenty degrees below zero.

Two pretty little sisters were born at the same time, and for a week or two they were my constant companions.

Oh, dear me! I sigh and feel heavy hearted

when I think of those days; we three little doggies were so unutterably miserable.

Our mistress was deserted by her husband, and she often went out and left us three puppies in that cold shack all alone.

Oh! at times it was so cold; the fire would go out soon after she left, and we would begin to shiver and whine and bark; and though we would frisk about plenty, the cold fairly crept into our bones. The saucer of milk which she usually left us would soon be gone, and we were left hour after hour without food of any description.

Then, when we were only a few days old, we were put into a large box in which were some dirty rags, and the box was placed in a porch which was over the doorway of the shack.

True, this was a change, but it was not any improvement, for we were still subjected to the cold zero weather; and being confined in that box, we were afforded but little exercise, and there was no chance of getting out, for the sides of the box were so high.

Besides these inconveniences, we had only about half enough food to eat, and it seemed such an awful long time between meals.

I could not say how many days we were imprisoned in that box, for it seemed an age. You see there was nothing at all to take our attention. All we could do was to jump about and roll over each other, and snap and whimper and whine; while even then our little legs became cramped with the confinement.

We were only young pups, it is true, but we had quite a lot of life and energy, and our hunger made us snappy and awfully impatient with each other.

As might be expected, after a while our box prison became unspeakably filthy, and the rags, too, were awfully nasty.

Oh, dear! I sigh again at the remembrance of those days, and I will not dwell any longer upon them.

I am truly glad that they are gone, never to return.

Oh, if people would only remember that dogs have feelings, and that they have just as much pleasure in being clean as the best of people have.

And, really, it takes such a little thought and consideration on the part of their keepers to make them comfortable and even happy.

CHAPTER II.

OCCASIONALLY the cold passed away, and the beautiful sun shone forth so cheery and warm that it made us long more than ever to be released from our box prison.

But, though the sun shone so warm and bright, not a ray of it reached us.

I will leave you to guess what kind of a noise we made as we saw the rays of light stream across the top of our box; they were so near, and yet so far.

We had by this time acquired quite an important bark, and when we saw those streaks of light across our box prison we became excited and barked loudly, I assure you.

I always look back upon those days as one looks back upon a nightmare, with the fervent hope that I may never experience the like again.

It is, however, "a long lane that has no turning," and eventually we were released from our box prison.

Another sunshiny day dawned, and we were giving our customary trio of barks and yelps, when, presently, we became more excited than ever, for we suddenly heard during the pauses of our own, the sound of children's voices.

They were so musical, sweet and gentle, that we ceased barking in order to listen, which we did intently.

And, lo! in another moment the pretty faces of a girl and boy peered over the edge of our box prison, presumably to take a good look at us.

'Tis perfectly true we had never seen such pretty faces before. Indeed, the face of our mistress was about the only face we had ever seen, and, all due respect for her, we could scarcely say of a truth that her face could be entitled pretty.

Neither had we ever heard such soft sweet-toned voices before; they were music to our ears, and we could scarcely say that the gruff manly voice of our mistress could be termed either soft or sweet.

Indeed, we scarcely knew what to make of this delightful apparition; we were dazed.

However, we soon regained our senses, and then the three of us stood erect against the sides of our box prison and gave a salvo of barks long and loud. This was followed by such vociferous exclamations of glee and excitement that the little girl and her brother became excited, too.

"Oh, what beautiful cute little things they are," exclaimed the girl whose name was Alice, as she fairly danced with joy.

"Cute? I should think they are, and pretty woolly little things they are, too," almost shouted the boy whose name was Joe.

"Which one would you like?" questioned our mistress, whose voice sounded harsh indeed after the soft mellow tones of the children's.

"Oh, I would like that one," answered Alice,

pointing to me. "Wouldn't you, Joe?" questioned she, turning to her brother persuasively.

"Well,—yes, I believe I would," answered Joe, who was not quite so ready in settling upon a choice as his sister.

"Yes, I believe that one is the prettiest of the bunch," added he, "though the others are pretty, too."

"All right, you can have it," said our mistress.

"Come over in a few days, bring a bag for it and you can take it home: glad to get rid of the little brute."

"Oh! Thank you so much," said Alice. That will be awfully jolly, won't it, Joe?"

"Just the very identical, just what I've been wanting," replied Joe, as they moved away. And then we were left again to endure the solitude of our box prison.

It seemed as though the sun had shone in right upon us for a little while, and then had taken itself away. We rolled over each other a few times, snapping and snarling in vexation of spirit, to think that we were left again to suffer confinement, and soon we fell asleep.

I cannot say how many days passed, it was impossible to count time in that dull, dirty, gloomy box.

Our misery, now we had caught a glimpse of light, life and joy, was only the more complete.

The day of days for me arrived eventually, however, and once again we were brought to a

high pitch of excitement as that vision of light, life and joy appeared, and we heard the piping voices of Alice and Joe.

This time they peeped boldly over the top of our box prison, and the sight of them was like the rays of sunshine again. Just as we were springing up to show our pleasure at their appearance, I was suddenly grasped around the neck by the strong grip of my mistress' hand, and lifting me clear out of the box, she pushed me roughly into a sack.

I did not appreciate this rough treatment, and accordingly showed my dislike by wriggling and yelling to the utmost pitch of my voice, and as soon as my mistress' strong hand released its grip of my neck, I struggled and in an instant I was out of the sack again and running about the yard.

Liberty is a blessed thing, and I fairly revelled in my freedom.

Joe, however, darted after me, and presently after a heated chase succeeded in catching me, saying as he did so: "Here, you little beggar, we want you," and I was finally pushed into the sack and held there until it was tied up with string.

Then began an unpleasant experience, Bump! Jolt! Squeeze! Was I not being carried by Joe, and was not the sack slung over his shoulder? Of course I barked a little, and so would you were you similarly placed.

"Shut up, you little beggar," said Joe, as he unceremoniously flopped me on the ground. "Carry

him a bit, Alice, he is only a small lump, but he gets weighty after a little while."

And then for a while, I had an easier ride. However, I could tell that Alice was tiring, and soon she put me down.

That was not at all a desirable ride, for they both got tired so often, and I was dumped to the ground many times.

"Here, take care, you silly," exclaimed Joe as Alice dropped me rather suddenly to the ground. Well, he plunged and kicked, and I couldn't hold him," explained Alice. Then, patting me through the sack she said in her customary soft tone: "There, never mind little doggie, I couldn't help it, besides we shall soon be home."

I tell you there is a soothing power in soft, kind words. I did not mind Alice shaking me up or dropping me down hard near so much after that, for she did not fail to pat me and talk soothingly afterward, and I had never heard such nice loving words before.

Still, I was not sorry when at last the sack was put down and I was allowed for the first time in my life to have proper liberty. To my great surprise and joy, I found I was in a large, cosy room. Tired as I was with my rough journey, a bright, happy feeling took possession of me, and I scampered around the room with such great delight that Alice and Joe became excited, too, and chased around after me.

"Look, Ma! what a pretty little ball of fur it is," exclaimed Alice, in high glee. "He certainly

is the cutest little fluffy coat that ever was."

"There, look! see him stand on his hind legs!"

"To be sure he is a bright little fellow," said Alice's mother with a kindly voice.

"Now, steady Joe," said she, as Joe was inclined to handle me roughly. "Don't forget he is only a little baby doggie, and cannot stand rough treatment."

I had been greatly excited, and soon began to feel quite fatigued with the unusual exercise, and seeing a nice, warm spot by the stove I laid down and in a minute was fast asleep.

I am speaking truth when I say that that was the nicest sleep I ever experienced. So cosy and warm I felt, and Alice stroked me down the back saying: "Poor little tired doggie, let him go to sleep; he is as tired as two dogs."

And I did sleep. I do not know how long I slept, but I was quite vexed when I was awakened by the thoughtless boy Joe, who was impatient and could not wait until I had finished my sleep, for he wanted to play with me.

I have forgiven him, however, for I have found since that nearly all boys have a good measure of thoughtlessness, so Joe was no exception. Indeed, I have since learned to love him, thoughtless and mischievous though he is.

They kindly gave me a saucer of milk, and soon I was as lively as ever, and gave them all the fun they wanted.

Let me note that the saucer was clean, and the milk was warm, and after I had emptied it the

three of us settled down to play, and we had the greatest fun imaginable, the three of us playing like puppies.

Alice found great pleasure in rolling me over and saying: "Come along, you little ball of fluff."

And when I succeeded in getting to my feet I barked loudly, and caught hold of her dress with my tiny teeth.

When either of them became rough, their mother said: "Now, you children, just be careful, and don't forget that he is only a little baby dog and has to be handled with care."

"Oh," replied Alice, "I would not hurt the little ball of fluff for all the world."

And I quite believe it, for though Joe would now and again give me a rough smack, and in later days even a sly kick, when I failed to please him, Alice never did a mean thing like that, she was always so gentle and kind. Still, I sometimes preferred Joe before Alice in spite of his occasional rough treatment, for in those days I was always full of fun and not a little mischievous.

We played much in the house during those cold days, and Joe would lay and roll on the floor with me, and when we were tired he would go to sleep with his head resting upon me.

Of course, I appreciated such comradeship. Those were indeed happy days, and were such a contrast to those which I spent in that filthy box prison.

I thought then that little puppies and little boys and girls were very much alike, for they have very little to do only to eat and drink, to play and sleep.

I presently found, however, that even little puppies had lessons to learn.

One day I did something which displeased Joe's mother, who of course was now my mistress, and, woe is me! I was banished to an outside woodshed and was exposed to the cold. I think I must surely have been forgotten, for although I laid upon a sack for warmth I got so very cold.

Surely I must soon have died had not Joe's father come to look for me, and seeing that I was shivering with cold and quite helpless, he picked me up and carried me into the house and laid me under the stove. The warmth soon revived me, and before long I was playing and frisking about the room as lively as ever.

Yes, I soon began to understand there were lessons to learn, and I was occasionally after that put outside the door, and let in again after a few minutes, and soon I began to understand what was meant. I had to be clean, and behave, and learn to do as I was told.

Without a doubt those early lessons were good for me, and I have never forgotten them. I have occasionally seen boys and girls who did not learn the lessons of obedience and behavior as well as they might have done.

Possibly some were not well taught, and may-

be others were slow to learn. Really, some children appear to think it a great thing to disobey their parents and almost make a boast of their disobedience.

CHAPTER III.

ALTHOUGH the winters of my native province, Alberta, are sometimes rather long in duration, there is usually an abundance of the brightest and most cheerful sunshine you ever saw.

I was always glad to run about outside when the weather was favorable, and then I had plenty of exercise, romping and tearing around in and and out of the bush.

My master's house was built of logs, and there was a particular place I discovered which was an attraction to me. It was a hole under one of the logs, through which I could get right under the house. True, it was only a small hole, but I was only a small pup, though my shaggy bushy coat made me look much like a teddy bear and larger than I really was.

I soon began to look upon that hole as my castle, and I noticed that when I sat in my castle entrance and barked a furious bow, wow, wow, it afforded great pleasure to Alice and Joe.

I learned my first lessons as a watch dog under the friendly shelter of my castle.

'Tis true it was more like a den than a castle, but Alice gave it that name, and I believe that I prefer it, too.

Occasionally a stranger would approach the house, and as soon as they made their appearance

I would put on my fiercest look, and bark my loudest, always taking care to keep in the friendly shelter of my castle fortress.

It was while I was in command of this fortress that a question was asked by my mistress:

"Well, children," said she, "what are we going to call this little fuzzy-wuzzy? He must have a name, you know."

"Why not call him 'Fuzzy,' " suggested Alice.

Then several other names were mentioned by both Joe and Alice.

At last my master came to the rescue and said:

"Now, don't be in too great a hurry; we want a sensible name for this little fellow." Then, putting on his most thoughtful look he said: "I have it, seeing he is such a fierce little fellow, full of courage and warlike in spirit, he reminds me of Admiral Togo, the great Japanese hero."

"How would it do to give him the name Togo?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Alice, "just the very name; let us call him 'Togo.' Shall we, you young rascal?" added she, turning to me and rolling me over.

What else could I do but bark my approval at so great an honor being conferred upon me? My castle was indeed a dandy place for me. When Joe wanted to play some of his tricks on me I would run to my retreat, and under its sheltering cover I was able to bark at him as fiercely as I chose, and defy him to follow me. Oh, the happy days of doggiehood! Nothing to trouble about,

no worries, no particular duties—life was simply a long play.

Winter passed away. The genial chinook winds soon melted the little snow that remained. I then began to accompany my master on his various excursions to the woods. Sometimes also we took long journeys after the cows. I began to consider myself an important member of the family, and when on those excursions after the cows, I would run along by my master's side barking officiously to keep them moving. I soon learned how to drive the slow ones along.

"Fetch them along, Togo," master would say, and I knew I was expected to use a little force to move them along. Very frequently one would get off the trail or hang back, and I would chase after her and bring her along.

If I happened to drive them a little too fierce he would say: "Steady, Togo, steady, boy," and I knew that I had to slow down a bit. When I happened to drive to his satisfaction, he would say: "Good, Togo, good, old boy," and I needed no telling that he was giving me praise. Oh, yes, dogs can tell the difference between praising and scolding, and I assure you a word of praise is a great help even to a dog.

The weather was getting warmer, and I lived outdoors practically all the time, and scarcely ever wanted to go in the house.

However, when I wished, I was allowed to go inside, and I found that in order to be let out again I had only to go to the door, wag my tail

and give a gentle wow! wow! and the door would be opened for me.

I grew rapidly, too, and found that disadvantages sometimes attend growth, for I became too big for the entrance to my castle.

I was slow to acknowledge this, however, and one day in spite of the fact that I had previously experienced great difficulty in getting inside of my castle, I was determined to get in again. I squeezed and squeezed, until my perseverance was rewarded and I got inside. I felt rather proud of my victory. But I was young and foolish, for a little later I wanted to get out again, but found to my dismay that I could not. What a fix I was in to be sure. I tried and tried until I was weary and fell asleep. When I woke up I found I was hungry, and tried to get out again but failed.

Toward evening, I heard Joe running about outside and I began to whine so as to draw his attention. Joe came to my castle entrance and called me. I tried to squeeze through, but could not. Then Joe caught hold of my ear and tried to pull me out, but he hurt me and I squealed and drew back out of his reach.

As a last resource Joe went and called his father; when his father came the real struggle began, for he succeeded in catching me by the neck and he had a good grip of me, too.

But my name was not Togo for naught.

I stubbornly resisted this rough usage and pulled back with all my might.

My master of course was the strongest, and he pulled me gently, but firmly, and at last got me out. Perhaps it is needless to add that I was quite sore after that experience.

It was about this time that I used to be very much scared by noises which I heard at night time, for I was unable for a while to understand whence they came.

Whatever could they be? Such loud shrill noises they were. "Yep, Yep, Yep, Ya-ou. Ya, Ya, Ya, Yep, Yep, Yep. Ya-ow. Wa! Wa! Wa! Again and again they sounded, first from one direction, then from another, until it seemed as though the whole country was full of the noises and echoes.

Yes, I confess I was scared at first when I heard those unearthly yells, but I declare in spite of my fears I ran to the spot from whence they appeared to come, but saw nothing, and I barked my very loudest in defiance of an enemy or enemies who feared to show themselves. Those noises continued at intervals for many nights.

I afterwards found out they were coyotes. Fierce brutes and wild, with sharp teeth, leering eyes, and cunning, sly faces. When at last I saw one, my scared feeling vanished, and I gave chase.

It was no use, however, for when I ran toward him and barked, he easily outran me, and then at a distance sat and cheekily leered at me.

Of course I should have been no match for a coyote, for I was not very big and they are fierce brutes.

I soon became quite familiar with the name of this fierce looking yet cowardly animal, and Joe had only to say "coy-o-te" Togo, and I was after it like a shot out of a gun, racing around to find it, or to discover the scent.

Often that mischievous Joe would say: "Coy-o-te, Togo," just to fool me and to see me race around; this led me to doubt his word afterward, for even a dog does not like being fooled. You will not be surprised when I say that it is a difficult thing even for a dog to serve two masters. Joe's father always taught me to studiously run either behind, or to the side of him, but when I was out with Joe, he would have me running about in all directions. Consequently, when I lapsed into this habit while out with my master, punishment would follow.

Nevertheless, those were very happy days. I was ever growing, and learning, and life was full of joy.

Oh, the delightsome fun I used to have with Alice and Joe, romping and tumbling about. Alice always had such a musical, cheerful and merry laugh, and it seemed at times as though she would burst, my pranks used to amuse her so.

CHAPTER IV.

As soon as the summer came in, my master went away to town, and left me behind with the family.

I expressed a desire to accompany him as he set out for town, but I was disappointed.

"Go back, Togo, old boy, you must not go with me this time; go back and keep house for me," said he, and mournfully and unwillingly I returned.

However, about two weeks after my master's departure, while watching and guarding the house and surrounding buildings, I noticed an unusual commotion about the house. Boxes were being packed and set outside, and there was a general bustle and excitement. What could it all mean? I could not understand it at all, so I barked and jumped and looked enquiringly around.

Presently my mistress said: "Togo is wondering what all the bustle is about. Here, Togo, get a move on, get ready to go with us."

And a little while after, a team and wagon arrived at the house, furniture and boxes were loaded on it, and then Alice, Joe, and their mother got into the wagon.

"Come on, Togo, get in with us," said Alice, calling to me. But no, I did not like the idea of riding at all.

I protested vigorously, and was allowed my

liberty to follow as a good dog should. Be it noted, however, that one cannot always see the end of the journey from the start. I could not. The old white faced cow, Eliza, was hitched to the wagon, and from the start she did not like being tied up thus, and accordingly she demonstrated her objection in a forcible way. First, she tried to get liberty by lurching forward, then by hanging back, and I was busily employed in keeping her within bounds. She was a huge cow, and she was also old and stubborn. As I looked up at her from my lowly position close to Mother Earth she appeared gigantic in size.

She was a great weight, too, for when she pulled back she nearly stopped the horses, and when she lurched to one side we were fearful that she would overturn the wagon with all the furniture and occupants.

Of course I got into several scrapes during that journey through 'Liza's stubbornness, and stupidly, for when I barked to keep her from dragging behind, she took it too seriously, and finding that sundry kicks did not stop me, she altered her tactics and tried that famous lurch of hers which shook things up quite a bit; besides frightening the occupants and producing angry words from the driver.

A dog often gets into trouble, even while he thinks he is doing his duty faithfully. We rested several times during the day's journey, and after having our meals by the roadside we pushed on again with renewed vigor.

Thus we travelled slow and sure through the whole of that day until long after dark. My little legs, unused to such strenuous exertion, began to feel very tired, but I trudged on, taking a rest now and again, and Eliza, having sobered down quite a bit, trudged on sulkily.

It had been dark several hours when at last we drew into town and stopped in one of its suburbs. Preparations were then made for spending the remainder of the night outdoors, for it was too late to seek other shelter.

I was as tired as any in our company, and was not at all sorry to lie down and rest. 'Tis true the rest was short, but it was also sweet, and mine was only occasionally disturbed by the barking of town dogs which I resolutely ignored, resolving to rest while I could.

I was awake by daylight and then a great surprise awaited me.

On looking around, I saw a great number of houses, very different from the two or three farm houses and shacks it had hitherto been my lot to see. These were large handsome buildings, brightly painted and fenced around. There were also sidewalks on either side of the streets.

This was all so new and strange to me that I resolved to keep close to our wagon. Our party soon awoke, and, throwing off their covers prepared to "strike camp."

We made our way up one of the streets, past many fine houses, and before long, to my great surprise, we stopped before one.

But another surprise awaited me here. Who do you think came out to welcome us? It was my master. Indeed, I had not thought of seeing him here. Did I know him, do you ask? To be sure I did; and I jumped up to him and frisked around, feeling that all must be well since he was here.

It may be my fancy, but he seemed quite as pleased to see me as I was to see him.

"Why, Togo, old boy," said he, "where have you been all this time?"

It felt real good to hear his voice again, and to see his familiar face.

So this was to be our future home; and I proceeded to make myself comfortable at once. It did not take me long to become acquainted with my new surroundings, though I was green from the country, but the process of becoming acquainted was not always pleasant.

For instance: I accompanied my mistress into the town one day. Yes, right up into the busy streets. Imagine me, a poor country bred dog, in the streets of a busy town.

How strange I felt. Everything I saw was so new and strange to me.

Of course we met other dogs of various sorts and sizes and colors; and nearly all of them snarled and snapped at me as though I was an hobo. I felt the insult very much.

How inhospitable they were.

Perhaps they thought I was only a green dog from the country, and fit only to be despised. I

was a trifle green, it is true, and this was my first introduction to town life, but surely that was no excuse for their being rude and uncivil or boorish with me.

I must confess that presently I became quite angry at their insults, for had I not as much right to the sidewalk as they?

Surely civility and tolerance becomes everyone So insistent were they in pressing around me, and in showing their disapproval of my presence in their town, that I became very near having a quarrel several times. And who could have blamed me when they came running up to me so sudden and furious as to nearly overturn me.

And then, while my nerves were still unstrung, when we got along into the center of the town I received a shock that took me a long time to recover from.

Right across the street there stood a huge creature, I cannot say how many times larger than me. My old friend Eliza was a giant to me, but here was a creature that would be many times a giant to Eliza, and there it stood right across the road, snorting, hissing, puffing, and emitting clouds of steam and smoke.

It made such an unearthly noise, too, that it drowned all the other noises of the street. You will not call me a coward will you? You will not charge me with disgracing my name, when I say that I was just completely scared into fits.

Oh, it was an awful sight to me, just awful.

My nerves which were already unstrung, simply went to pieces, as the saying is.

What did I do? Well, I hate to confess it, but the truth will out, I took to my feet and ran back down that street just as fast as my legs would carry me; and I could run fairly well, too, for a dog of my age. I was only young and small.

I tell you, young Joe could not begin to keep up with me in running. I could beat him easily.

Yes, I forgot my mistress and everything but that terrifying monster across the road. My mistress, however, afraid lest I should be lost, followed me down the street, calling:

"Togo, Togo," between her spasms of laughter.

It was quite a while, however, before I could gather together the reins of my scattered wits sufficient to follow her again.

Strange to say, she did not feel at all frightened. Indeed she laughed so heartily at my discomfiture that she could hardly walk. I failed to see, however, where the joke came in. Seeing that she was not scared at all, but took the whole thing as a joke, I began to feel better, and slowly followed her back along the busy street.

When we arrived again near the place where that huge snorting, puffing, steaming, smoking creature had stood, we saw it slowly moving away, pulling a long string of heavy cars behind it.

"You great silly doggie," said my mistress, "that engine would not hurt you; see it is going

away and I doubt whether it is even aware of your presence in this world, let alone in this town. Come along and follow me." She needed not to add to my shame, I was humbled enough, and followed her meekly. A little further up the street my mistress went into a store, and I was just about to push in after her when she unkindly shut the door in my face, leaving me outside.

I had a faint suspicion that there was a dog inside, and I could not bear the idea of another dog being near my mistress, so as soon as the door was opened again I squeezed in, and sure enough there was a dog there, an ere I had a chance to act on the defensive he pounced upon me and caught me by the ear. Now I was in no humor for play at all, and as soon as I realized that I was being attacked, I felt my opportunity had come to get even with somebody for the indignities I had suffered that afternoon.

In about a moment I got loose from him and caught him by the neck. Then began a fierce struggle. We rolled over and over on the floor heedless of anybody, my mistress shouting at me all the time.

We were not allowed to finish the battle, for a man with strong arms separated us, and my antagonist was put outside.

"Sure, he's a plucky little rascal, though he is small," said the man, referring to me.

It seems that a dog to save himself from getting hurt must needs stick up for himself in this world.

I learnt very soon, however, that it was neither good nor wise to wish to fight every dog I met. I found, also, that not every dog that shows its teeth wants to fight.

I foolishly used to think that almost every dog we met on the street wanted to interfere with my master or mistress, or the children. But I have since met with many dogs with whom I could live in peace, though I confess to being very jealous, and am never comfortable when any other dog is near my friends.

My master has often rebuked me by saying: "Togo, you are a great soft, jealous dog. Yet will anyone blame me for thinking too much of those who delivered me from my box prison, and who have been such kind friends to me ever since I was a little fluffy pup?

I have always considered Alice and Joe as my particular care, and sometimes when people have taken hold of Joe and shaken him in fun just to see if I would defend him, they have not looked in vain. Indeed, they find me always ready to resent such actions even when given in fun, for I will not have Joe or Alice handled roughly if I can help it.

While staying at this place I became acquainted with several boys who proved good playmates. Several of them asked Joe if his father would sell me to them, but he quickly and proudly replied: "No, he would not sell him even for ten dollars."

Of course I was always delighted with the play-

ful attention of those children, and we had a great number of games together.

One favorite game I liked was when the boys threw a stick a great distance away and then said to me: "Fetch it, Togo," and at the same time they would run after it. Of course, I soon learnt what they meant by "Fetch it," and I would run after it, too. Sometimes I would allow them to get quite near to it, and then I would make a dash and pick it up just as they reached out for it, and then I would prance away with it.

This, of course, generally caused great laughter. At other times they would take hold of one end of a stick and I the other, and we would have a tug-of-war. You should have heard me snarl then and play fierce.

The boys liked that part of the game immensely. My teeth were now quite strong, and I could hold on to a stick in fine style, snarling and looking fierce at the same time.

Then again, the boys would throw a ball, and were just delighted when I started after it and ran away with it in my mouth.

Occasionally, I would keep them busy chasing me, and when I thought I had held it long enough I would drop it and move away a few feet where I would sit down and guard it.

It takes a dog to discover the mean boys of a town, wherever there are such to be found, dogs are generally their victims.

I would frequently meet with one who evi-

dently did not care to play fair, and who took quite a delight in giving me a sly hit with a stick.

My master always taught me not to be mean; not to bite anyone either in play or even when provoked. Consequently some boys took an unfair advantage of my good temper and teased me almost beyond bearing.

There is no doubt but that an occasional bite in return for a mean hit or kick would be a good lesson for some unfair, cruel boys.

It was always my delight to play with young people, and the smallest tots would be quite safe when playing with me.

Sometimes their parents would ask: "Will he bite baby?" And my master or mistress would reply: "Oh, no, Togo is a safe dog. I have never known him to bite a single child."

In some respects I think I have been more fortunate than some dogs I have known.

For instance: One day some boys who had only just left school caught a stray dog that was in the neighborhood and tied a tin can to his tail.

I know with some boys this is a favorite sport, although I fail to see what sport there is in witnessing the terror and suffering of a poor, unfortunate animal. I knew that particular dog very well, but he was a stranger to our neighborhood.

It was not what one might call a smart dog by any means, and perhaps that was the reason why they singled him out for this low grade fun.

After tying the can to his tail they whooped and yelled and made the poor terrified creature run. Of course the faster it ran, the more its fright was increased by the din of the can behind him. When the can struck an obstacle, which it occasionally did, it bounced over the poor creature's head and back, and of course increased its confusion.

The boys laughed and considered it great fun indeed. Was it not, however, the very essence of meanness to take advantage of a poor, helpless creature and causing it to experience such terror?

Of course the helpless animal raced about for a long time thus, while the boys slinked away chuckling to themselves.

I wonder if those boys would like to be treated in a similar manner? I suppose not. It seems there is no punishment for such cruelty, for no one tried to catch the boys, and several men who saw the so-called fun simply laughed at it.

There is another thing I would like to mention, which shows the awful meanness of some boys. Several times when playing beside a creek or lake, I have been picked up by some ignorant, heartless lad, and thrown right into the air, thus turning several somersaults before dropping upon my back into the water.

I am sure that is one of the most unkind and shameful tricks a boy can be guilty of. Yet to their shame be it said, it is often done.

As a rule, dogs will readily run and jump into

the water after a stick, or even after a stone, and in this way give plenty of fun, and do it happily, too, but no dog likes to be thrown in upside down, all anyhow.

How ever any self-respecting, dog-loving boy can stand by and see such a shameful thing done without a protest, but laugh at it instead, I cannot imagine.

Dogs have even been known to save life by jumping into water after children.

Not a great while ago, a Collie dog similar to myself, showed bravery such as entitles a man to a Carnegie hero medal. A bright young lad only eight years old, was skating on a pond near his home, when suddenly the ice broke, and he sank into the water. His cries for help were answered by his faithful Collie who was quite a distance away.

The dog ran to the bank, seemed to recognize the peril of the boy, and plunged into the water. Taking hold of the back of the young lad's coat, the dog towed him with difficulty to a place where he could reach the bank in safety.

Thus the faithful dog saved the lad's life. Yes, a dog will take a delight in plunging into the water, especially on such an errand as the above, and will ask no reward, either.

So, every self-respecting boy should take a pride in protecting a dog from mean, cruel tricks, whether it be his own dog or not, and the dog will not be lacking in appreciation for the trouble taken, but will become a life-long friend.

It may be that kindness to dumb animals is not taught in some schools, and perhaps such teaching is lacking in some families also.

CHAPTER V.

I DO not wish to convey the idea that I consider myself a paragon of virtue. If I have already done so, this chapter will quickly give a very different idea.

When I lived in the country I sometimes accompanied my master on his hunting excursions; thus, like my father before me, I became an adept at chasing rabbits, prairie chickens and partridges which I used to do almost at will.

It seemed one was required to do differently in town, for one day as I was running about for exercise, I entered a back lane, and presently to my agreeable surprise, I saw several fine birds, different to those I had seen in the country, 'tis true, but desirable birds, nevertheless.

Of course I ran after them as I had done of yore and, being fleet of foot, I had no difficulty whatever in catching one of them. I took it home, and after eating part of it, I hid the remainder.

It tasted, if anything, better than those I had been used to in the country, and I paid several visits to that backyard, and other birds followed the first.

Then, one day my master saw me finishing my supper at the bottom of the garden and he called me to him, pointing to the numerous feathers

scattered around, scolded me, and then gave me a sound thrashing.

Evidently I had done wrong in catching those birds, yet how was I to know? I quite thought I had a right to take what was within my reach as I had done before, but, I made a huge mistake.

Perhaps that first whipping should have been sufficient to teach me not to touch live birds about town again, but I did not want to learn such a lesson.

It was not long after this that some friendly dogs came around. They somehow had discovered my aptitude for catching chickens. They called me out in a way which I well understood, and together we had a council. They suggested that seeing I was proficient in the work, I should make a raid upon some chickens nearby and bring one out for their enjoyment.

This display of confidence on their part flattered me. I was easily persuaded to once again try my skill.

Accordingly, I set out on my important mission, leaving my friends in the road to await my return. It did not take me long to accomplish my purpose, and in a few moments I was returning to my companions in triumph with a fine chicken in my mouth squeaking for its dear life.

Suddenly, however, there came an end to my triumph, for a lady who evidently had watched the whole proceedings, came out of the back door of the house shouting as though there was some-

thing the matter, and picking up a stick she ran after me. Of course I dropped the chicken and ran to my mates, but like the good friends that such mates always are, they had disappeared.

My master heard of this escapade of mine and administered another rather severe whipping. And yet, in spite of these drawbacks I was enjoying life immensely at this place. I now had a whole host of friends.

There were boys, girls and dog playmates in abundance.

Of course I had a few enemies. What dog has not? These enemies were hoping to meet me some time, and I was hoping to meet them one day, just to square accounts.

I certainly was a daring little dog then, and I can now see I was also foolish and stubborn.

One day another surprise was sprung upon me. The folks at home were making preparations as though they were about to move again.

Joe kindly said to me: "Now, Togo, don't you know that we are going to move from here? You had better get ready; we are not going to leave you here, so don't think it."

Were we in for another long jaunt I wondered.

Happily my master had sold the old white-faced cow Eliza, and had bought another white cow, and "Whitey" was a well behaved animal.

We did not have to travel far this time; indeed it was only to a suburb of the town, and the location was a splendid one, too.

At first I felt a little discontent for I missed

my many playmates, but I soon got over that feeling, for although there were no other playmates besides Joe and Alice, the surroundings of this new habitation were more congenial and pleasant. The house was situated on the border of a lovely grass meadow.

Nearby, to the east, was a creek, and on each side of the creek was a lovely bank of trees.

Then to the south and southwest was a wide space of open country, giving abundant space for exercise and play.

As I said, there were less playmates there, but there were also less boys to tease and play shabby tricks. I had Alice and Joe, and also "Whitey," the cow, for companions, so I settled down once again to enjoy life.

I was now of course a full grown dog, with an "honest" face, so my mistress said. I had also a nice white front which I always took a great pride in keeping clean.

My paws were white, too, and were also kept scrupulously clean, far cleaner than Joe's hands often were; so my mistress said again. I was also fleet of foot, and fairly good on the scent, and my voice had almost lost its puppy tone, and was clear as a bell.

If you accuse me of conceit I cannot deny the charge for sometimes my master and mistress would be talking about me, and as soon as I heard the name "Togo" mentioned, I would look up sharply, and try to understand what they were saying about me.

"Oh, mention his name," my mistress would then say, "and he is flattered right away. You conceited dog."

So I must confess my guilt in that respect. Yet do not we all like a word of praise sometimes? I tell you dogs do, and I know many boys and girls, aye, and parents, too, who are very guilty of the same weakness.

Joe, Alice and I had an abundance of fun around this pleasant dwelling. I saw a great deal of them, and they gave me great attention, and the grassy field was our playground.

Sometimes there would be cattle feeding in the field and I was often employed in "fetching them up." Then when the herders brought their own dog, I was not wanted, consequently we were not on the best of terms.

They sometimes came inside our fence and thus made themselves too familiar.

I had my duties to perform and one of them was to keep strange dogs outside, so you may guess what strife there was occasionally. But, really, I never could become acquainted with those two dogs nor the mischievous boys who brought them, either, for they sometimes set the two dogs on to me, that is, if they thought no one was near. But I have heard my master say: "Every dog has his own day," and I declare it is true, for one day those boys drove our cow "Whitey" home with their bunch, and when she arrived at their gate, which was about a mile from our place, they set those two dogs on to her.

Now "Whitey" was usually quiet and inoffensive, but she was not afraid of dogs. At first she ran towards home, but the boys thought they would help her along a bit, and said to the dogs: "Sic her, sic her," and they began chasing her unmercifully. Presently "Whitey" thought she had had enough, so she just turned round and picked the nearest dog up on her horns and threw him aside disdainfully, and pursued her course home uninterrupted.

The dog was not quite killed, but almost; and when at last he recovered, he was lame for the remainder of his life.

The dogs were not so much to blame in that instance as the boys were. A dog has to do as he is told, even if it is wrong, and oftentimes he has to suffer for being too obedient. This is indeed a strange world. You will agree with me, those boys should have been punished, too.

One day Joe took me over to a neighboring farmer's place. "Oh, dear!" unhappily for me I noticed there were many chickens around the place, and like a man who cannot pass a barroom door, I, too, succumbed to the temptation of those chickens.

You are already aware of my weakness for chickens and that I had not quite conquered my liking for them.

Well, a favorable opportunity came one day, and I stealthily proceeded across the little bridge which spanned the creek, and then over the fields beyond, until I arrived near the house around

which the chickens were sunning themselves, all unconscious of danger.

I made my way softly toward them and when within less than a hundred yards of the house, I suddenly heard a man's voice belch forth: "Get out of this you brute." My, but it did startle me, for it was not by any means a melodious voice. I knew not for a moment whether to pursue my course or to retire. While I was hesitating, however, the man went inside the house, and I thought now is my time, and I drew closer to the chickens.

The closer I drew to them the bolder I felt, and they were not scared a bit, when all in an instant "Bang!" and in an instant again the echo replied, "Bang!" Whatever was the matter? The noise was fiercer than thunder, and I received such a shock to one of my legs that threw me off my feet and I went rolling over in pain and confusion.

A second later I was on my feet again, and on looking around through the smoke I saw the man with such an awful grin on his face and with a gun in his hand.

I assure you the look of his face, the noise and smoke from the gun, and the awful pain in my leg gave me such a shock that I shall never forget.

I yelled "Baie Yea Yea! Bai, Yea Yea!" and ran as fast as my three whole legs could carry me.

I have fought many a dog my superior in size and have not been afraid; I have dared sometimes to do what I knew I ought not to do, and have not feared.

But fear now came into me and took possession of me. I lost my liking for chickens; what cared I for them. I was shot, and one leg was dragging helplessly along.

I ran toward home and it is surprising the speed I was able to keep up; I did not stop until I was safely within our own fence. Nevermore will I trouble about chickens; they are not worth it.

Oh, the pain! Oh, how my poor leg did hurt. When my master came home, I limped up to him and held up my poor wounded leg for inspection and sympathy.

"Hello," said he, "what is the matter now, Togie Boy? Well, to be sure you are badly hurt; where have you been?" And he gazed at me with a puzzled look which made me feel guilty. I could only whine, however, in answer to his sympathetic inquiry.

Presently he inspected the wound closely and then bathed it, which was a great relief, for much of the pain disappeared.

When Alice and Joe returned home from school I was not in my customary place watching for them, and they soon wanted to know the reason. Their father told them, and I assure you it was nice to feel that they sympathized with me.

"Poor, poor Togo," said Alice, with tearful voice: "Did someone shoot at him? What shall we do to the cruel man for hurting our little doggie?" Alice was fairly cute; she could soon tell how I got my injury.

There was such real sorrow and sympathy in her voice as she stroked me, that I whined, to let her know that I was suffering much, and then I wagged my tail to show my gratitude for those kind words.

Ah, indeed! kind words are the spice of life. I pity those poor dogs who get nothing but curses and kicks, their lives must be burdensome.

Joe's words were few, but he said: "You bet! If I had a gun, I would like to shoot him, whoever it was, that dared to shoot my dog."

"Hush, you must not talk like that, Joe," said his mother.

Joe turned to his father. "Can't we have him punished, pa, for shooting our dog?"

"Well, I guess not," replied he, diplomatically. "You see, Togo must have been up to some mischief, or he would not have been shot."

And I felt there was not quite as much sympathy in my master's voice as there was before.

Then Joe's mother said: "Do you know I half believe Togo must have been after Farmer Gillie's chickens, and that the cranky old man caught him at it, and shot him with his gun."

"But he has no right to shoot another man's dog," persisted Joe.

"Besides, he might have killed him," added Alice.

Evidently between them they had got at the truth concerning my injury. I was not slighted, but was made comfortable in my kennel.

Farmer Gillie had to pass my master's house

every time he went to town, and when I saw him pass I did not forget to bark at him, for now I was under my master's care I felt safe.

One day Alice said to her mother: "Ma, I believe you was right about Togo going after Farmer Gillie's chickens, and was shot by him, for he always barks when the disagreeable old man passes our place."

"Oh, yes," replied her mother, "I am almost sure that is what happened, for he never barked at him before."

My leg pained me for several weeks during which time I limped about the yard the best I could.

It healed up presently enough for me to be able to run about almost as well as before to Joe's great delight, but the leg was weak for several months after.

Hurrah for the days of doggiehood,
When hearts are light and free;
Three cheers for the days of doggiehood,
Full of fun and jollity.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the winter came, and the snow had covered the ground, my lameness had about all gone, and I was as nimble as ever. Joe and I had great fun in the snow.

Down by the creek was a nice little hill, and Joe used this for a toboggan slide, while I did the barking. I would also catch hold of his coat while he slid down hill, and sometimes both of us went rolling head over heels into the deep snow. But trouble never seems to be far distant from any of us.

One day Joe's mother made him a present of a dog harness. I could never feel it my duty to thank her for that, somehow. Joe, of course, started in hot haste to try that wonderful harness, and I was the victim.

Some dogs do not mind being harnessed like a horse or mule, but I do not think that I was ever intended as a draught dog.

For one reason, I was never a large dog, although I was always strong and wiry for my size. No, I could not reconcile myself to that hard leather collar, and those straps.

However, Joe put the collar over my head and buckled the strap around me and then fixed the traces to the sleigh and pointed out the direction in which he wanted me to travel.

He did not do all this without considerable

trouble, for I laid down, and then protested by rolling upon my back. Joe, however, has a little of his father's persistency and he took no notice of my struggles but just went ahead until I was harnessed. But when he wanted me to "gee up" I rebelled; and what self-respecting dog would not? But Joe was not blessed with overmuch patience, "Get up, you!" said he, "what good are you if you won't pull a sleigh? And then he left me for a moment and went away, returning in a moment with a swish. "Now then, get up!" he commanded, lashing me with the switch. Seeing he was determined to make me go, I got up and started off. The collar pulled at my shoulders causing me to rear up.

"Hullo! bucking, are you?" said Joe, "we will soon see about that; come, now get along," and I made another start which resulted in my being pulled in all directions, while Joe laughed heartily. I began to feel that a straight pull was best, so I thought I would run and get the task over, so off I went at a good pace, and Joe had great difficulty in keeping up with me.

"Steady there," shouted he, and when I went a bit easier he sat down on the sleigh, making pulling very hard.

We then turned to go back home and Joe ran by my side. I now enjoyed the fun and ran fast, so fast that Joe panted for breath and shouted the best he could: "Whoa, whoa, To-go." At last he could hold on no longer, so he let go

the reins and I raced up the path and did not stop until I reached the porch.

In a few minutes Joe came walking up panting for breath and sat down to recover. After a good rest, seeing I came through the first trial so well, Joe patted me, and was quite pleased.

He then resolved to try me again, and sat on the sleigh shouting and yelling at me as though I was a broncho.

I tried to enter into the fun of it and found it an easy task until Joe sat on the sleigh, but I repeat: I was never intended for a draught horse.

There were quite a number of coyotes around during that winter; they were bold enough to come close into town.

One morning just after daylight had dawned there came out of the ravine nearby one of those very animals. Just think of the effrontery of the fellow, coming within twenty yards of the house. Perhaps he, too, liked chickens, and thought there might be some around the barn.

Here was a chance I had often longed to have, that of coming to close grips with a coyote.

Out I dashed at top speed, and caught up to him just as he reached the bottom of the garden. This happened in less time than it takes to tell it, and in an instant I had the coyote by the neck, shaking him as though he was a gopher.

Of course he was bigger than I, but I thought little of that. Oh, how rejoiced I was at this opportunity of meeting an enemy.

As soon as we came to grips my master came

to the door and gave great encouragement by saying:

"Good Togo, sic him, old boy!" We rolled over and over, first I would be underneath and then the coyote, but alas! alas! after a few grips, the fellow got loose and took to his heels running for his dear life across the field. I pursued him for about a quarter of a mile, but knew from the first that it was no use. There is one thing a coyote can do to perfection, he can run.

I had not the slightest chance of catching up to him so my master called me back.

I was angry at him getting away from me, but I had some cause for rejoicing for I came to positive grips with him and would not be afraid to do so again.

Ere I close this chapter I have another confession to make. When spring came on again my master bought another cow, "Brownie," by name, and strange to say she had a black calf. Alice and Joe, yes, and even my mistress, made such a fuss of that black awkward looking animal that it made me sick with jealousy. What there was in such an ungainly stupid creature to claim their affection I could not think, for it was always baaing around so foolishly, and then it would suddenly run and kick up its legs in a disgraceful manner, grunting something like a hog. If the thing had only a decent bark it would not have been so bad, but that baa and grunt used to get on my nerves awful.

Joe and Alice thought these noises and antics

were great fun, and would laugh and run after it as though a calf was everything, and poor me,—well, I was almost forgotten.

Can you blame me for being jealous? When I ran after the black creature trying to scare it away, I got scolded and whipped for my pains.

It became clear to me that they thought a great deal more of the calf than they did of me, for when they returned from school they would run past me and go straight for that calf, and in this way they snubbed me entirely.

This apparent change in their affection grieved me sorely, and when they were away at school I would get annoyed and could not help but chase that black thing which had supplanted me in their affection.

One day, after thinking seriously of these things, I called to mind the many boys and girls away in the town who used to be pleased to play with me, and I knew they thought a great deal of me, besides, they had no calf.

Then, suddenly the determination seized me to set out and find those playmates, thinking maybe they will be glad to play with me.

That thought soon led to action, and off I went helter skelter, and never stopped until I had reached the town.

Not long after I arrived in town the children left school, and I went and played with them.

"Why, here is Togo," said one of them. "Togo, Togo, Togo!" others called also, and soon I was well taken care of and played with them

to my heart's content, and presently one of them took me home.

I did not have entire liberty, however, in my new home, for they put a rope around my neck so that I could not escape.

But when the children left school again I was released, and no one could be more delighted than I was to play and frolic with them.

That same evening when the father of my new friends came home he brought a fine new dog collar with him with a chain attached, and this he put on my neck. The children were delighted with this, and it became evident they did not want to lose me. They chained me up every night and I guarded the back entrance to the house.

My master has occasionally referred to this escapade of mine by saying: "You bad old Togo. You were very ready to leave your best friends as soon as you were snubbed just a little." And when he said this, I held my head down, for I felt the truth of that remark.

But really, I was now being well cared for in every respect. I was petted and played with to my heart's content, and was not tormented by seeing a silly baa-ing calf around taking the attention of the children from me.

Seeing we had such happy times together, I did not worry much about my old home.

After I had been several weeks in town, who should meet me one day but my master? Yes it was really he coming up the street. I could

tell it was him a long way off, and I ran to meet him, and to show I had no personal grudge against him I jumped up to him and showed my delight at meeting him. He seemed delighted also to meet me and said: "Well, you great old Togo, you funny old boy. You have not forgotten me, then?" I barked with delight at hearing his voice.

Just then the little girl with whom I was then living caught up to me, and I ran off with her. My old master did not seem to mind, he did not even call after me as I went away.

I saw both master and mistress in town after that, and I was not slow in showing them that I had not forgotten them.

Yet, will you believe me? In spite of all the good treatment and fondling which I was receiving in my town home, I began to feel dissatisfied with myself, and several times I almost decided to return to my old master and try to utterly ignore the presence of the silly black calf.

This feeling, somehow, gradually grew upon me. I became unhappy for several days, indeed I soon became so unutterably miserable that at last I decided at the most favorable opportunity to return to my old home, calf or no calf, and see if they would receive me. If they would not, well, I would then seek my new friends again.

So it happened that one day I was left alone and unchained, to entertain myself as I chose; and seeing there was no one around to hinder me I decided at once to return.

Having once decided on that course I soon put it into effect and scampered down town, scarcely ever looking around for fear of meeting with someone who knew me, and on into the bush I went and then into the open country.

Oh, how fresh and good the country seemed to me. I felt light-hearted, and very glad that I had made the resolution.

It was not long ere I came in sight of the house, but I found it needed quite a lot of courage for me to face them all again. Suppose they drove me away as I deserved? Oh, that was awful to contemplate. I felt I had but little claim to their consideration, for did I not forsake them of my own accord? Indeed, I felt verily guilty. I do not know when I ever felt so bad before.

I walked slowly up to the house with my tail between my legs, and when I reached it I laid for awhile in the sun, thinking that I would wait until someone saw me, and I would then know whether I was welcome or not. Oh, I felt so humiliated!

I must have waited there a long time, for I fell asleep, and when I awoke I felt quite a bit bolder, and slowly but firmly I walked around to the back door.

After waiting there a little while my master came out. "Well!" said he, "of all the dogs in this world you are one."

There was kindness in his words as of yore, and greatly encouraged, I jumped up to him and barked with great joy.

"Well, well," repeated he. "Like the prodigal son you left your home, and made your way into a far country, and then when tired of your wanderings, like the prodigal son, you decided to arise and go to your master, is that it?"

"You certainly are a strange dog. Been away four months, and now expect a welcome back."

"Well, old boy," he continued, "I cannot feel it in my heart to turn you away, so like the returning prodigal you must be received."

I whined then, and wagging my tail, I tried to be as humble as possible; breaking out occasionally into a bark; indeed, doing my best to patch things up favorably.

How good it was of him; he was not at all sorry to see me, on the contrary, there was gladness in his voice, and he called me into the house and fed me.

"Here, mother," said he to my mistress who now appeared in the kitchen, "look here, the prodigal has returned, what shall we do with him?"

"Oh, let him stay," replied she, graciously.

"Well, you can stay then," said he to me. "If you can only be content to stay with us."

When Alice and Joe returned from school, he said to them, "See here, the prodigal has returned."

"Oh, you poor, dear, good little Togo!" exclaimed Alice. "Was he tired of being away from home, then? Poor little doggie."

And practical Joe said, "Oh, goody. Now we can have some fun."

Whatever he had in his mind, I cannot say, but I soon became happier than I had ever been before in my life, for I was welcome home, and on looking around I found that the black calf had grown quite big, and was scarcely ever seen around the house at all.

Alice and Joe received me into their affections as though I had never wandered.

It is a weakness on my part, I admit, to desire to be made much of, but surely such weakness is pardonable.

I have always loved young people, and I love them still; I am happy when they make a fuss of me.

What if they are sometimes rough with me? I can bear with that for the sake of their friendship.

CHAPTER VII.

HERE was I once again restored to my old place in the affections and home of my first friends. It did not take me very long to become my old self again either.

Joe also manifested his old self again and began to flick me about and indulge in his rough play, and to show that he meant no harm he would say: "Good boy, Togo, good boy," and of course I became very proud of that. I was soon made so happy that I almost entirely forgot my wanderings.

I did not readily forget the cross old farmer who shot me, though, for seeing he often passed our place, it was impossible for me to forget him and I did not forget to bark at him, either.

My master, however, was not very pleased with me for this: "You unforgiving rascal," he said, "come inside and let us hear less of that barking." And at other times he would throw a stick at me and tell me to "lie down."

But it was not easy for me to forget or forgive, although I ceased barking at him. Once or twice I broke loose and barked after that, and my master reproved me, making me walk away ashamed.

Do you question whether a dog can be ashamed? Just you notice your favorite dog after you have given him a stern rebuke; notice the look of shame upon his face, and the way in

which he will slink into his kennel, as though he wished he had not spoken. Oh, I assure you, dogs are not so void of feeling as some people think.

My master still owned the cow "Whitey," and sometimes he went across the field to fetch her in to be milked. I soon discovered the purpose for which he crossed the field, and followed him closely.

A little later, he, to save himself many steps, would say, "Here, Togo, go and fetch 'Whitey,' " and of course I knew he wanted me to run ahead and turn the cow toward him. Then another time he would say: "Come here, Togo," and at first I was not sure what he meant, but I soon caught on, and after that I quite understood what he meant.

Sometimes I was slow in doing what he told me, especially if I did not want to do it, and he would soon show his disapproval of my hesitation by saying, "Do as I bid you, sir!" And thus I learnt what he called "my greatest and most important lesson, that of obedience." 'Tis true, I learnt some of those lessons when in the country, but for lack of practice I had forgotten them. I soon picked them up again, however, and when he said, "Get behind me, Togo," I quite understood, and readily obeyed.

I had a fairly good memory in those days, especially for things I wanted to remember.

Joe used to be highly amused because I remembered the word "coyote." To be sure I could

not forget that he meant the creature with the sly face, which could run so well, and Joe would often have me running around the place looking and smelling about in response to his "c-o-yote, Togo."

There were lessons also that I had to learn in the house. I suppose they thought that seeing I was a full grown dog it was necessary for me to learn these things.

For instance, Alice would say, "Kiss me, Togo," and I had to give her just one lick on the face.

I have known some dogs who were never allowed in the house at all, but I was often allowed inside, but feeling bold I would sometimes walk into the inner room, and my mistress would say, "Go into the kitchen." I knew what that meant, but it was one of the things I did not particularly want to do, so I would hesitate. But when she followed the first command with, "Go into the kitchen, sir!" in a stern tone, I knew she meant me to obey at once, or suffer the consequences.

There was a mat by the door which I dearly loved to lie upon, and I would generally try and stay on that. It was very wilful and naughty, I know, but there would follow another command which I knew had to be obeyed, and I would go without any further hesitation.

Can dogs understand, do you ask? Certainly they can. Often after dinner was over I would be called into the house, and would be allowed

even in the dining-room, but that was a great concession.

My mistress would then sometimes say, "The dog wants a bit, Pa," and I understood that she was telling my master that I wanted something to eat, and I would go over to him and bark gently, "Yah! Yah!" She would then say, "Give him a bit, Pa," and he would tease me by saying, "What does that dog want?" And to let him understand what I wanted I would push his hand toward the table, when he would say at last: "Speak for it!" and I would bark softly at first. "Bark louder," he would say still dissatisfied with my accomplishments, and then I would bark so loud that my mistress would say, "Oh, don't make such a noise," and at last my dinner would be given me.

I only needed a few lessons like that with my dinner at the end, and I was able to respond readily.

Most dogs can learn such lessons as this if their teachers will only take the necessary pains and exercise an ordinary amount of patience. And most dogs will learn enough to amply repay their teachers for all their pains and trouble.

Sometimes I would be puzzled to understand what was expected of me, for an order would be given such as: "Go out, Togo," and I would proceed to walk slowly out when Joe or Alice would say: "Now, now, poor doggie, don't send him out," in such a tone that I thought they were in-

terceding for me, and I would hesitate, and, sure enough, I would be allowed to remain.

Then, at other times the same thing would happen again, and I would hesitate as before, and my mistress would then say: "Will you children please let the dog alone, when I tell him to do a certain thing," and then she would turn to me with a determined air, saying: "Go out, sir this very moment!" and I knew I then had to obey.

There is no doubt if a dog is only properly trained and has not too many masters, he will give much pleasure to his trainer.

But when he receives orders which are confusing he can hardly be expected to give great satisfaction.

And thus it is that we often are blamed and even whipped without deserving either.

I must in justice speak a word for my master and mistress; they would generally reprove Alice and Joe by saying:

"Please let the dog alone. How is he to know what to do if, when I tell him to go out, you children laugh at him and make him think that I did not mean it, and that it will be safe to disobey?"

Boys make a great mistake if they think that all dogs are unfaithful.

One day a big boy said to Joe: "Here, kid, would your dog come for me if I were to hit you?"

"You just try it and see," replied Joe.

The big boy did "try it," by catching hold of Joe and shaking him. I tried to make him under-

stand that his actions were not to my liking by barking at him, but this was not sufficient for he continued with greater vigor.

I then jumped at him and gave him a gentle bite on the arm to assure him that he was going too far, and it sufficed.

No, it did not hurt him much. I felt safe in doing this, for I was scarcely ever scolded for taking Joe's part in that way.

My master himself often tried my faithfulness by feigning to whip my mistress; it mattered not, however. I did the same to him, and he would say: "Gently, Togo, gently old boy."

A dog is not worth a bone if he cannot stand up for those who care for him, or if he cannot protect women and children.

Perhaps you would like to know if I was a good watch dog in those days.

Well, perhaps I have blown my own trumpet enough already, but I must tell you that, though there were many better watch dogs than I, yet I often, nay always, took a great interest in what I felt to be my duty, and I always considered it my duty to give the alarm whenever any one approached the house, and I observe that duty carefully to this very day.

A good watch dog will always give an alarm when a stranger approaches the house, but will not jump up to them, or bite them, or even show his teeth except under very great provocation.

I do not remember ever attacking any one, but perhaps it was because people have generally kept

a fair distance from me, and were willing to wait until the door was opened ere they passed over the doorstep.

And there again was a difficulty which was hard to understand. How was I to know when to ward off a stranger? Sometimes a stranger would come to enquire for my master, and I was not required to keep him away at all. And another time a stranger would call who had no particular business around. I just settled it this way: I barked a warning always, and then stood on guard to see if they had any right there, and that plan succeeded well.

The presence of strangers around always made me feel nervous, and it does to this very day, for who knows what mischief they contemplate?

Do you think I would allow any one to hurt my friends in the house? Not while I have a good voice and strong teeth.

CHAPTER VIII.

You who have always lived in one house, or at least in one town, and have become acquainted with every part of it until the whole has become almost sacred to you will sympathize with me when I record the fact that I was once again called upon to leave that pleasant home close by the running stream, the beautiful glade, and the spacious green field where the air was so pure and invigorating. Only this time I did not leave of my own accord.

But I could not complain. The many changes brought many new pleasures, which otherwise I should never have had.

My master went into town one day and returned with a horse and saddle, and the next day he started on a journey.

Of course I noticed the horse around, but I did not know for what purpose.

It appeared as though he was about to start on his journey without me, so I bounded after him. This caused him to return to the house for the purpose of conferring with my mistress.

He soon started again, and this time he called upon me to follow him.

I did not need to be called twice, for congenial though the surroundings of this home were, I had become firmly attached to my master, and loved to follow him wherever he went.

We crossed the beautiful grassy field south of the house and then followed the road which led in a southeasterly direction. We were evidently going on a long journey.

Oh, this was fine fun for me; there were birds to chase, rabbits and gophers, so that on the whole, I had plenty of adventure.

As dinner time came we fortunately drew near to a homestead and enjoyed good hospitality. I caught a short nap of sleep, though I had ever to keep watch, for we were in a strange country, and I did not want to lose my master.

After having a hasty dinner, I was ready, and we started on the road again.

The sun was shining brightly and we set out in good spirits traveling through a dense wood. Once we took a wrong turning, and my master had to consult his map. We turned and retraced our steps for about half a mile, and then got upon the beaten trail.

Soon we drew out of the wooded country and came upon the shores of a beautiful lake.

Here was a chance for a dip which I had not had for a long time. I bounced into the water in high glee and enjoyed it. "Come along, Togo," said my master, "we must not stay here. So off we went again, and the trail soon led us off the lake shore and on over a hill upon which grew a great variety of lovely flowers. There was also an abundance of the succulent pea vine and vetch.

"I think we will rest here awhile and let 'Dick,' which was the horse's name, "have a feed."

So he took off the horse's bridle and let him wade right into the plentiful vegetation and he fed to his heart's content.

The meal ended, off again we started, and made our way down the hill past a bachelor's shack, and at the bottom of the hill we came to a serious difficulty. It perhaps is not my place to criticize a horse, but as we came to the creek or stream which passed through the valley, the horse became as stubborn as a mule, and refused to cross it. He would just put his front feet into the water but that was all.

I jumped into the water and swam across just to show him if it was safe for a little dog like me, it should be for a big broncho, but no, he did not like the look of that water, so I jumped back again and barked to try and scare the stubborn creature over.

But he was not so easily scared that way, indeed he protested by kicking at me.

My master went and sought up and down stream for an easier crossing, but in vain.

After quite a long while and a lot of trouble, he at last plunged in and crossed as easy as one could wish.

Much valuable time was lost thus, and soon darkness began to come down and we had a long way to travel yet.

Presently, we drove up to a log house and my master inquired the way and asked if they could lodge us for the night as we were tired.

They either could not or would not take us

in. I think it was the latter, but they told my master the way to take, so my master mounted the horse for the purpose of continuing our journey. The horse, however, objected to this forced march. Balky again, aye, Dick," said my patient master. But the horse was tired I could tell, for had he not carried my master all this long way uncomplainingly, but of course I had no load to carry.

"Come now, Dick," said my master, getting impatient, "we cannot stand around all night like this, get along," and he tried what a stick would do, while I barked and tried thus to move him.

The horse started, but alas! he only walked around the barn and would not take the road. Quite an hour was wasted in this way, but my master was determined to go on, and at last the stubborn brute consented to being led out into the road, but every time my master mounted him he stood dead still.

"Well," said my master, "I suppose you are tired, so am I, and so is Togo," to which allusion I consented. I was indeed tired, for had I not been chasing gophers and rabbits, and occasionally a phantom coyote? But, though I say it, I did not grumble, neither did I refuse to proceed. But oh, our legs were getting so weary, and our master was as tired as either of us, I am sure, and with weary limbs we trudged on slowly for several miles until we came to another farm.

"Well, Togo, we will see if we can put up here," said my master. And he walked up the

garden to the house which was in darkness, and knocked at the door.

"Hullo, what's want?" questioned a voice from the inner darkness.

"Can you put my horse and I up for the night?" asked my master anxiously.

"No, this ain't a lodgin' house," replied the voice from within.

We have traveled a long way and are tired out——"

"Keep goin' on, there's a town six miles from here where you can put up," replied the man inside.

"All right, thanks," said my master wearily, and we made our way back through the darkness to where the horse was tied.

"Togo, boy!" said my master as we once again started on the road, "one does not often get refused hospitality in this country. Just fancy, twice in one night." Then, after a moment's pause as we trudged along he said:

"Ah, well, Togo, we will get through," and tired as I was I replied by a gentle bark, and did my best to keep up my spirits.

So we pressed on, the tiredest and most downcast trio you ever saw, having traveled nearly sixty miles.

My master continued walking so as to relieve the horse. The night was dark indeed, but a few stars peeped out at us as though to sympathize, but we heeded them not.

And thus we journeyed on until presently we

saw in the distance a bright light, and after further tramping we came to a new graded railroad, the rails not yet being placed.

We had to climb that grade somehow, but the bank was steep and the horse objected once again.

I could see that my master grudged the time that was wasted in persuading the tired, stubborn horse to mount that bank.

When at last he succeeded, we found we were within only a short distance from the town.

"Trefield" was only a small town, but we did not quibble at that.

The horse was put into the barn and a tired dog was left with him.

I was not at all sorry to have the opportunity of losing my weariness in sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

It must have been just after daybreak when the stableman came into the barn and was about to meddle with my master's horse, but I was on guard; he soon left us, grumbling to himself.

My master came a little later and brought my breakfast, and I declare food never tasted better than it did that morning.

"Togo, my boy," said he, "why did you stop the man from giving Dick his breakfast?" And then he let the man wait on the horse.

So I had made a mistake in keeping the man away from the horse.

It was about eight o'clock when we again started on our journey, and master said:

"Togo, boy, it is Saturday, and we must put in another good day on the road, for I have to preach at St. Ann's schoolhouse tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock."

We started off at a good pace until the broncho came to the last barn in the village and then the horse wanted to enter it. Of course I barked at him for this, and my master said:

"Come now, old boy, this kind of thing will never get us to our journey's end."

After some further exhibitions of his stubborn qualities the horse was prevailed upon to take the road in good earnest. We were all really re-

freshed with our night's rest, and made good progress.

Traveling was quite difficult in places for the horse with his burden, but happily I was fleet of foot and was able to explore the road as we went.

We traveled for some miles on a newly made grade and presently steered for a newly made town of mushroom growth where the horse was stabled and my master and I had some dinner in a restaurant. After dinner we started again and pursued our course over hill and dale, through swamp and slough and by fields which were laden with growing grain. As the afternoon wore away we trudged along with fast wearying legs, sometimes on the grade and then down on the road again until we arrived at a bridge which we crossed and then entered another "mushroom" town built of shacks.

There were livery barns, restaurants, lodging houses and a few stores. The whole appeared as though it had only recently been dumped upon the prairie. My master was tired and this fact no doubt helped him to decide. "We cannot go any further to-night, Togo," said he. "We will stay here and rest, and then set out in the morning for our last lap."

So I was put in the stable again with the horse and was not sorry, for, in spite of his frequent exhibitions of stubbornness we had become fast friends. We were cared for early in the morning, which was Sunday, and then we started off across the prairie with the glorious eastern sun

to guide us. Oh, that was a beautiful morning, and though we were a little jaded through our two days' long run we fairly reveled in the fresh morning air, and enjoyed immensely the cheery rays of the sun.

After about three hours' brisk running we drew up to a farm and my master was well pleased. "Fine Togo, fine Dick, old boy," said he, addressing both of us. "We have lots of time."

He had to preach at the schoolhouse close by which was named, "St. Ann's," and he had about half an hour to spare.

After dinner, we took to the road again. It seemed as though our journey would never cease. We did not hurry at all that afternoon, however, and many a time I was able to run ahead and then sit down and wait for them to catch me up.

We passed a few scattered farms, fields and lakes, through a pretty country that must have been an ideal grazing ground for buffalo not so many years ago.

After skirting a lovely large lake whose waters sparkled in the sunlight, we presently made our way down a hill and came into Freetown.

"Well, Togo," said our master after first addressing the horse in familiar tones. "You, too, are a hero, for we have traveled over a hundred miles and you have not complained, neither are you tired out." I barked an appreciation of his kind words.

"This is your home," continued he, "you will

find many friends here, so please make yourself happy and sociable."

You have no idea how anxious a dog feels on arriving at a new home.

He has to become acquainted with all the dogs of the place and find out which are to be his friends or his foes.

And this process always means fights innumerable. This process always troubled me more because my master was always against me fighting, and he did not appear to observe that they were not always of my own seeking.

I was not often "licked" in those days, aye, I could just glory in a good scrap.

I look back upon my stay in "Freetown" with great pleasure; it was a happy place for me in many respects.

Seeing I was always fond of children as playmates, the girls and boys soon sought me out and I found many friends among them.

It was several weeks before Alice and Joe came on to this place.

On Sundays my master preached in several schoolhouses around, and from the first I was allowed to accompany him.

On arriving at the school houses not caring to be left outside I was allowed to go in with him, and I always took my position under the table or desk at my master's feet.

Oh, yes, I quite understood I was expected to keep quiet, so I would lay quietly and listen to my master's voice until I fell asleep.

After a few services, I began to learn when to expect them to close, a hymn would be sung, after which my master would speak and then say, "Amen!" when the people would rise and myself among them.

There was a little black water spaniel whom I became very friendly with at this place. He had such a nice, smooth, long, glossy coat, and pretty shaped short legs and long ears.

His name was Jip.

Jip became so attached to me that I had great difficulty in getting away from him on Sundays. One Sunday in the depth of winter, the snow was deep and was laying around in drifts which made driving and traveling very difficult.

The temperature, too, was very low; it must have been very near thirty degrees below zero.

Nevertheless, my master set out on his usual journey and I accompanied him. On our way through the town we passed the store where Jip lived. The young rascal must have been watching for us, for, just as we passed out he bounced, barking with glee at having discovered us passing thus.

My master was a bit alarmed and said: "Go back, Jip, go back, you can't come with us."

But he paid no heed. Then master said, "Chase him back, Togo," and I ran after him and tried to pull him out of the road, but he would not be turned back. I even rolled him over in the snow and then ran after my master, but he was determined, and followed us a distance behind.

My master whipped the horse and put on a good speed hoping to outrun little Jip, but on he came, his little legs moving, oh, so quick, and he was keeping up a lively bark all the time.

Seeing he was so determined to come with us my master slowed down and allowed him to catch us up, indeed, he even offered to take the little fellow inside the cutter, but no, he would remain outside, and so he steadfastly determined to keep me company. Mile after mile we traveled through the deep snow and the wind was so icy that it seemed to cut through the fur of my coat.

Master tried again to persuade Jip to ride, but no, he jumped out again and presently he was just covered with the snow which flew like spray over our heads. He certainly was plucky, it is astonishing how he kept up with us.

When at last we arrived at the schoolhouse the little fellow was almost exhausted.

I confess that I was very tired also.

We were allowed a place by the warm stove and in a few minutes were fast asleep.

Was I dreaming? I imagined I heard the familiar word Amen! and I rose to my feet half awake, and was ready to go. Little Jip observing my movement rose also as though ready.

"Lie down, Togo, lie down," said my master, and I perceived my mistake.

Jip did not hesitate to follow me, either, and he, too, laid down. Our return journey was still more trying to poor Jip, but he trudged along like a hero.

Again he refused to ride in the cutter, and by the time we arrived home he was utterly exhausted.

Little dogs, like little boys and girls, sometimes purchase their wisdom dearly.

Jip was so stiff and sore and tired that he laid and slept almost the whole of the next day.

He learned his lesson, however, for he never ventured to accompany us again.

"You see, Togo, what disobedience brings upon one," said my master when referring to Jip's escapade.

CHAPTER X.

By this time I had become my master's most constant companion, and would accompany him on all his journeys.

I could generally understand, too, when he was preparing to take a trip somewhere, for I would sit and watch his movements.

'Tis true sometimes when I was preoccupied he would slip off without me; I would then run out a distance along the several roads that led out of town, and several times I saw him away in the distance, and ran after him and caught up with him.

This kind of thing made me what they called "Foxy" and I would watch him closer than ever. My mistress said one day: "I verily believe that Togo knows when Sunday comes round for he sits and watches every move of the horse."

Then my master replied: "Well, he is a faithful companion and gives very little trouble. I know he yawns a little sometimes in the midst of an afternoon's sermon, but he is not the only one who yawns on such an occasion."

Once or twice I became a bit restless while my master was talking, wondering when he was going to stop, and I began to walk around the room for exercise, when my master said: "Come back, Togo. Lie down," and I returned to the desk and laid down.

Freetown was only a small town, and the freedom of the inhabitants, whether man or beast, was not hampered by foolish little arbitrary by-laws such as bother some towns. Consequently, animals of all kinds roamed about the streets and lanes according to their own sweet will.

Pigs, hogs of all ages, enjoyed their liberty as much as any, and seemed to prefer the few fenced gardens to the open prairie.

It was not long ere the people of Freetown learned that I was an adept at moving hogs, and then I was kept just busy.

Certainly, I think there was nothing that pleased me better. As soon as daylight dawned, which came earlier as summer approached, the cry would be heard, breaking the stillness of the morning: "Togo, Togo, To-go," and you would see me scuttling across the backyards as my master said, "Like a shot out of a gun."

And then, directly after, you would hear music something like "Weak, weak, weak," in shrill tones, and this was followed by a quick movement of feet and sundry sonorus grunts.

I discovered just the right place to catch them by and they very rarely had the temerity to turn round at me.

Did I hurt them? Well, to judge by their squealing I did; but I do not think they were much hurt, or they would not have returned so often.

Frequently I had calls from the other end of the town: "Here, To-go," and the neighbors

would laugh as they saw me answering the call "post haste."

On returning from the chase, I was usually treated with a bone or a tasty piece of meat, and that little consideration would encourage me greatly to do my best, to keep those squeaky pigs out of the gardens.

There was a neighbor at Freetown who owned a fierce bull dog, and he went by the humble name Ted. Ted was kept at the post office, and though he very rarely hurt anyone he had a look on his face always that made one feel he was watching his chance all the time. He had also cultivated an awful threatening growl which made dogs, myself included, keep a respectable distance from him.

'Tis true there were other dogs around much more dangerous than Ted, but Ted had the credit of all the bad deeds done around by dogs.

I find it is best to cultivate a cheerful look, for often a dog is judged by his looks. Take the case of Ted. He always looked as though he was fierce enough to go through you, yet he never interfered with anybody.

Very different was the case of another dog. I don't know his name, but he was a cross-eyed mongrel looking kind of a black dog.

He had a simple, sly look upon his face which sort of disarmed one. Often when another dog would be passing his place he would spring out upon it, and show himself as mean as a dog could possibly be.

I always tried to give that animal plenty of sea room, as the sailors say.

My old enemies, the coyotes, were troublesome at this place, and many a night was I kept awake by their visits within the town limits.

A neighbor kept several huge boar hounds and spent his Sunday mornings in running the coyotes down by the aid of his dogs.

It is true he might have chosen a different day than Sunday for such work, but it seems some men are awfully afraid that they are losing valuable time in resting one day in the week.

One Sunday while returning with my master from his afternoon appointment, we passed quite near a coyote which was sitting in the bush. Of course I instantly made chase, but could not get near it. As soon as I turned to follow my master, Mr. Coyote turned and followed me. Soon he came quite close up to us. "Sic him, Togo," said my master, and at that magic word I gave chase.

Bah! I became sick of following those cowardly creatures. All they can do is—look sly and run. I would rather fight and be beaten than run away. He kept ahead of me all the time looking around occasionally as though saying, "Come along, Togo, my boy, I will teach you how to run."

I returned to my master, who ordered me then to stay with him.

I had some most enjoyable journeys with my master at this place.

I was so much his companion that he would talk to me almost as freely as he did to the horse.

The horse became knowing enough as to prick up his ears when spoken to, while I would bark.

This was a great country for those mischievous little rodents, the gophers.

They made such holes along the trail, that the horse would often stumble as he ran along, and they destroyed so much grain that farmers had to lay poison around to kill them off. They are remarkably sharp little creatures, and rather pretty, too, but a thing is not always useful because it possesses good looks.

"Looks are deceiving," said my master one day, and I believe he was right.

I was a very good pathfinder in those days, and sometimes when my master was undecided as to whether he was on the right trail or not he would follow my lead and it was correct.

Indeed, he has said: "Togo, old boy, had you not been with me I should have taken the wrong trail home."

One Sunday morning we went a distance of seventeen miles to a new appointment named Birch Hills. We had been there about twice before; but on this occasion there was another dog at the farm where we went to dinner, and seeing he was of a friendly disposition, I became at once on good terms with him.

While my master was at dinner, we went over the fields for a ramble, and lo! when we returned my master had gone.

I could not see him along the road and my new found friend invited me to stay until next day, which I did.

We had a pleasant time together, and in the morning I started home early.

Just about sunrise I bade goodbye to my friend and set out on the trail in good spirits.

I had seventeen miles before me to cover, and I cannot say that I was altogether sure of the trail. Oh, how good it was to feel that I could have a good, swift run in the keen morning air. I just exulted in it. The flowers were just beginning to open, and hold up their heads to the early morning sun, while the dew sparkled upon their petals like diamonds.

Over hill and dale I bounded, now and again starting a rabbit out of his den in the bush; then on I sped across the prairie, startling the prairie chickens in the pursuit of their breakfast.

Then with a bound I leapt over the stream that beset the trail, and on second thought I stepped back into it and took a welcome morning bath. Then on again I went, taking a cautious look around when I gained a rise in the road to make sure I was going in the right direction.

How very good it was to feel that I had health and strength and good wind. Mile after mile passed under my feet swiftly and at last I gained the hill to the west of Freetown. And then, light of heart I made my last stretch towards home.

I arrived there just as my master was giving the horse his breakfast.

"No, he is not a prodigal again," said he. "Well done, old boy," and he patted me on the neck and called me into the house for breakfast.

Alice and Joe and their mother were very glad to see me. Perhaps they thought I had become a prodigal again.

But, no! Once like that is enough for me.

I know when I am well off now, and will never leave my friends again till death takes me away.

CHAPTER XI.

My master declared that the number of miles I traveled during that year was fully three thousand. And that is only counting the number I traveled with him, but I must have traveled many more than that, as I usually raced around in and out of the bush, and to and fro over the prairie, so no one can charge me with being a lazy dog.

But my long journeys were not yet over by any means, as I was reminded one day by certain signs.

Even those signs were becoming more familiar. Boxes were being packed. Yes, I knew what that meant right enough! Inside the house carpets were being taken up, and pictures were being taken down and packed. When I entered the house I was soon in the way.

"Mind, out of the way, Togo," said they, and then Joe said, "Here, Togo, you scoot outside."

Yes, these were unmistakable signs, and I eyed them suspiciously.

Alice and Joe have not been mentioned of late, for they went regularly to school, and played with me only occasionally. I did not mind that for there were other children in plenty to play with.

Besides, I was taken up with various other businesses, and my Sunday journeys had a sobering effect upon me.

Then, I believe there are other things besides play that contribute to one's happiness.

Then Joe said one morning: "Say, Togo, are you coming with Dad and me? We are going away from here on a long ride across country with horse and buggy, about one hundred and sixty miles." I could not quite understand all he meant, but I had an idea that what he said was associated with the packing up process, and I barked approvingly.

"All right," added he, "you shall come."

It is quite providential that dogs do not know what is ahead of them, or perhaps we, like other folks, would be meeting trouble more than half way.

The morning came at last when we were to start on our journey. The horse was harnessed to the buggy, some provisions and a load of odd articles were packed in it, and after bidding good-bye to Alice and her mother we proceeded on our journey.

Little Jip, my dog friend, was kept in the house lest he should follow us.

We took the south road until we came to the beautiful Birch Lake which we skirted for several miles until we arrived on the south side of it, then we left it behind.

I soon became interested in the journey for it was the end of June and all nature was smiling her very best upon us.

I bounded along with light feet enjoying my

freedom; sometimes going ahead, sometimes behind, and sometimes to the side.

Ah, sure now, a dog does take a lot of unnecessary steps which is not wise when he has a long journey before him.

As that idea dawned upon me I sobered down and kept to the trail, determined to conserve my energies.

It was well that I did this, for we traveled a long distance that day.

Over hill and valley, through muddy sloughs and across, mile after mile of prairie, with no habitation whatever in sight.

Of course we rested quite a bit and took our meal by the roadside, while the horse rested and enjoyed his oats with relish.

When a dog travels a long distance he needs to catch a rest and forty winks of a short sleep when he can; and this I did, laying down at frequent intervals. I found that a few moments occasionally were helpful, for I could then pull through a long day's travel without much inconvenience.

We were afraid we would have to camp out on the prairie that first night, for it had been dark some time. Joe was tired, and our master had just decided to pull aside for that purpose when he saw a light in the distance.

This was the sign of civilization he had been looking for, so we traveled toward it, and in about a quarter of an hour our jaded footsteps took us up to the house. It was a hospitable

settler who lived in that half way house and no one could feel more grateful than we did at the hospitality we enjoyed.

We resumed our journey early next morning while the air was cool and refreshing.

And as we stepped out with right good will, I sniffed the cool morning air in positive enjoyment. As I bounded along first to one side then to the other of the horse, I felt so happy that I barked cheekily at Joe out of sheer mischief.

You will not grudge a dog a bit of mischief, will you? Even boys and girls love to enjoy mischief sometimes, and without proper limits it will do them no harm nor anyone else.

It helps to break the monotony of life. I have not blamed boys at all when for fun they have rolled me upon my back, put paper bags on my head, string on my legs, and rubber rings on my nose, although I am quite aware that boys have great difficulty in keeping within sober limits.

Some boys are inclined to think that all a dog is on the earth for, is just to be teased by them or just alone for their amusement, and if a dog turns and gives them ever so gentle a nip, they will hit out spitefully with a stick, or kick the dog in the stomach, and then go whining to their parents saying: "That naughty dog bit me," and forget to state that it was their overmuch teasing which brought the gentle rebuke.

I suppose, however, it is not for a dog to complain; better for us to bark and bear it. Yet even

then he must not bark too loud, or the boy will say, "Shut up, you brute," and then the dog has to "scoot" to get clear of a kick. No, he must not "Bark and bear it," he must "Grin, look silly, and bear it."

But I was not occupied with such gloomy thoughts as these on that particular morning.

It was indeed a most glorious day. The sun shone beautifully. The birds sang a continuous song all day, and the many colored flowers peeped up at me and occasionally touched my face scattering the diamond dewdrops lavishly all over my coat, and appeared glad to see me.

I always have loved flowers. You see I am always low down and near to them, and as I ran along that morning brushing against them with my nose, they gave me such a variety of sweet odors that I am sure they must have been glad to see me. Who knows? Perhaps they were as glad to see me as I was to see them.

Joe observed my gladness for he said to his Pa: "Look at Togo, Pa. Isn't he happy; he's laughing and smelling at the flowers as though they understood."

Yes, they are my silent companions, and they do me no harm; they do not tease, they are always good.

Don't you love flowers? Perhaps you are too high up, too far away from those beautiful things as you walk along on your two long legs and hold your head and nose so high.

People who do that miss a whole lot of this world's beauties I am sure.

I love lying among the flowers, and my mistress often scolds me and sometimes chastises me for laying on her flower beds.

"There might not be another plot of ground anywhere else but just where my flowers are," said she, scolding me.

Well, to resume. We traveled on over an easy road at a good pace that morning, only stopping once to feed the horse, while Joe and his father lit a fire and had dinner, and afterward did some practice with that gun of his.

I kept a good distance away, for I cannot get reconciled to the noise of a gun again.

Later we had a refreshing shower of rain which made it unnecessary for me to jump into every little pool we came to for a cooler.

Then we arrived at the progressive little town of Rosedale and the horse was tethered out to feed, and I was tied to the buggy and instructed to look after him.

The rain came on heavy and hindered us from starting again as early as we intended, but as soon as it passed away we were again on the trail plodding up a wearisome hill.

I would much rather be a dog than a horse. Dick had a stiff job to climb that hill, but after we mounted it we were rewarded by the sight of a beautiful country covered with lovely trees with foliage which gave it the appearance of a lovely park.

Further on we came to a great ravine, and the horse had great difficulty in descending the steep declivity, and then after we had crossed the circling river in the valley he had just as great a difficulty in climbing up the other side.

I pitied him and helped him all I could, but it is not much that a dog can do.

It was almost dark when we arrived at the town which Joe said possessed a jaw breaking name and sleep was very welcome.

Next morning, as usual, we were out early and on the road again.

"Sixty miles yesterday, Togo," said Joe, "are you tired? That is two days at sixty each which is not a bad distance for your short legs to travel." Thanks to Joe for his compliments. I was not so fresh as I might be, neither was the horse. Besides, the roads were in an awful muddy state that morning.

My master was not unmindful of me, indeed he was most considerate, for at times he tried to get me to ride with him and Joe in the buggy, but I did not want to ride, so I jumped out.

All the way I kept well ahead of the horse and when the road was very bad I looked out the best places for him and waited until he had safely passed them.

The roads were awfully muddy in many places and poor Dick had all he could do to pull through them, with water and mud up to his knees.

When the roads were good we made excellent progress, and after dinner we passed through an

Indian Reservation and my master went to a house to inquire the way. He forbade me to follow, and lo! at the doorway there was a half savage brute which my master had great difficulty in keeping from attacking him, indeed, he had to get a stick for that purpose.

How I would like to have taught that creature a lesson in manners.

A dog can guard a house without springing at a visitor's legs.

We got through the reservation in safety in spite of there being so many different crossroads.

Evening soon came on again, and we were all getting very tired, for it had been a hard, trying day, the hardest of the three.

"Cheer up, Togo," said my master, "there is an end to every journey in this life." And soon we entered the town, the horse was stabled, and what do you think? As I accompanied Joe and his father into the town, we met Alice and her mother. Yes, it was them, sure enough. My delight knew no bounds. I ran and jumped up to them in high glee. However did they know that I was coming to this place? Surely, my master must have told them.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning Joe said to me, "Did you have a good night's rest, Togo?" He needed not to ask that question had he noticed how I rejoiced as soon as I was let out of the barn.

It was evident we were not going on a long trip for Joe's mother accompanied my master in the buggy and they did not appear to be in a hurry at all.

We travelled through a properly settled country away west from the railroad through a district dotted here and there with prosperous looking farms.

The day was fine, the roads were good, and the myriads of flowers looked up into my face as cheerful as though they knew me. No doubt they were in their way praising the great God my master so often talks about.

Just after the hour of noon, we ascended a long and steep hill. We were rewarded for the effort when we reached the top, for the view was glorious. Before us was a huge valley, the "Blind Man" valley. It was several miles across to the other side, and along the valley ran the uneven course of the Blind Man River.

To the right and left of us the view was beautiful, and away in front of us across the river and on up the western slope of it could be seen the peak of Sunrise Hill.

We went about half way down the eastern slope of the hill when we came to some habitations and soon after the horse stopped outside a house by the side of which was a log church.

I was glad to see Alice and Joe, who had arrived before us, they having ridden with the stage.

So here we were at another strange place, and once again I had to become accustomed to new surroundings, and make new friends, aye, and new enemies, for somehow it is as difficult to keep from making enemies as it is to make friends, yes, and more so.

However, seeing that my master and mistress and Alice and Joe were all there I did not mind. Joe was kind enough to say to me one day: "Togo, you are one of the family now, don't you know?"

My master continued to take his Sunday journeys. When he first set out on his new circuit I was about to accompany him as of yore, for I had been watching him make his preparations for departure, when he said to me:

"No, Togo, my boy, not this time. I am afraid the journey would be too long for you."

I could scarcely understand being left behind thus, and the following week I became a bit stubborn and decided to go with him at all costs, but he was firm and said:

"No, Togo, go back, sir, when I tell you!" And I mournfully turned back and went home.

So I was thus forbidden to go on those jour-

neys any more. Perhaps my master thought that I was getting old and feeble; he was mistaken if he did, for I was not by any means feeble.

I felt the disappointment very much, and laid around sulking all day. I was not able to reconcile myself to seeing him go away without me for a long time.

Though I was forbidden to accompany him, I did the next best thing. I noticed the road he took and then watched for his return.

After a while I was able to guess fairly well what time he would return, and went a mile or so on the road to meet him.

This sometimes surprised Alice and Joe, but it need be no surprise to them. I used to take particular notice and did not forget, and often if they would do that it would be better for them in many ways.

Many watchful hours did I spend in that way, and I did not get weary, for there is no one I care for like my master.

Do not think that I had nothing else to do. A dog should always have something to occupy his attention when he is not asleep, so should girls and boys, else mischief soon claims them.

The cattle ranged around that place freely and we had a gateway minus a gate in our back yard, and I had to keep them from coming in.

We were not often troubled with hogs there; only once or twice do I remember some coming to visit us, and theirs was a short visit, too, and they

appeared in a great hurry to go away when I appeared, and they gave the same old squeal.

Lest you should think that I have exaggerated my troubles, allow me to remind you that my troubles were fewer than those of most dogs. If people only studied dogs a little more, they would understand the many troubles they are as a rule subjected to, many of which might be avoided with a little care on the part of their owners.

Yet I sometimes thought I was born to trouble in spite of the care bestowed upon me. Most of my troubles came unsought, too.

I had become by this time, a quiet, steady, and I hope a reliable dog, and because of the careful training I quite understood my place in life, and what my duties were.

Still, my fighting days were not over yet. I often felt I could thrash several dogs that were around, because of their meanness. But my orders were: "You are not to fight, Togo." And perhaps this order was given because one day after I had successfully come through a fight the neighbors said, "What, the preacher's dog fighting? the very idea!"

As though that were an unheard of thing. Do you not sometimes notice how some big boys, rejoicing in their superior size and strength, will sometimes set on to smaller and weaker ones and give them a licking? Well, there are some dogs like that; they seem to be glad when they can catch smaller dogs and punish them.

And to own up to the truth, I have sometimes

been guilty of doing the same mean thing myself.

One day while not thinking at all about fighting, nor desiring a conflict, a big dog, well it was a large long legged, sharp nosed boar hound that had followed its master to town, and seeing me alone, the ferocious creature came upon me as fierce as a lion and bit me shamefully. Of course I yelled with the pain, and my "Bai, Yea, Yea!" could be heard a long distance away, and luckily for me it brought along several other dogs, and they all joined in the fray. I received a few more bites, but we all now had equal chances, and I was able then to give as well as receive some bites.

Finally, I went home limping and feeling shaken up and sore.

Really, the more one tries, the more difficult it seems for a dog to keep from fighting, for when I make up my mind to abstain, another dog is sure to come around and seek a quarrel, and I am involved again, causing people to say: "It's the preacher's dog again."

There was a dog that was a near neighbor of mine. I don't know what breed you would call him, but I have heard different persons around say of him: "Go home, you mongrel."

That was not his name, however. He possessed the pleasant name "Sam."

One would hardly imagine how a dog possessing such a nice name like that could be so unsociable as Sam was.

There were some complaints about me barking when Sam passed our place, but really I could not

help it, for I could scarcely call my life my own while he was around.

He was a strong necked, short haired, black brute, with small sly looking eyes.

If I wanted to be charitable and say a word or two in praise of him, I would say that he had the very strongest and whitest teeth for a dog that I have ever seen.

Indeed, they were the best part of him. One day Sam's master came to our house, and of course Sam must needs have a strange fit of faithfulness and desired for once to follow him into our house.

Now, if he had been as big as a lion I could not have allowed him to do that without making a strong protest; so without a thought of the consequences, I tried to stop him right at the door. I believe he must have anticipated my action, for ere I could do anything at all he had taken hold of my ear with such a grip that his teeth,—those beautiful white strong teeth, must have met.

Of course I set up a strong yell and struggled to get free, but Sam growled and held my ear between his teeth as though he had been paid to do it.

We rolled together on the ground and a piece was pulled completely out of my ear.

The noise of the scuffle brought our two masters quickly to the scene of the conflict and Sam was unmercifully whacked until he let go. My master declared that Sam held on to me with a tenacity worthy of a better cause.

Can anyone wonder, then, at me barking when Sam passed the house after that?

No, a dog cannot possibly have a peaceful life even when he wants to. He has to be always ready for battle, and fight the best he can or be beaten.

About a month or so after my encounter with Sam I overheard my mistress talking to Sam's mistress, and she said: "Well, well, so poor old Sam is gone. 'Tis true, nobody liked him, and he was always very unsociable, but one does not like the idea of him being poisoned."

So it seemed my sour old neighbor Sam was really poisoned, and only his mistress mourned his death, no one else ever did that I know of, for he was such a burden to himself and everybody, poor, sour tempered Sam.

Yes, Sam's life must have been a burdensome affair, for he never appeared to enjoy it a bit.

Poor, crusty Sam, with nothing one could admire but his teeth.

Several, when they heard of his death, said: "Good job, too." Oh, I hope I shall never get so crabby that people will wish me gone.

"Ah, Togo," said my master one day, "like Sam's, there are some people living today whose loss would not be much mourned, for they are the sort that can never smile, and their life is full of gloom."

Sure enough, I never saw Sam again, and it seemed too good to be true, that I no longer had him to fear.

I had become so much used to barking at Sam and his master that I would bark at the latter out of force of habit after Sam was gone, but I soon became on friendly terms with him, and some thought that I took the place of Sam in the affections of his mistress.

CHAPTER XIII.

My master was, no doubt, considering my comfort when he ordered me to stay at home.

I have, however, been out with him several times on short distances such as ten miles out and back, and I found that the distance was quite enough for me. No doubt he knows what I am able to do.

I am quite satisfied now with going on such occasional short journeys, for somehow I have an idea that I am getting too old for long distances.

My master scarcely ever arrives home from his journeys without me giving him a cheery welcome, and I have so far conquered the feeling of disappointment at not being able to accompany him, that I can cheerfully give him parting salutes when he sets out.

I must tell you that one day my master being in a very thoughtful mood began to talk to himself and then turning to me he said: "Well, Togo, old boy, you have certainly been a decent kind of dog all your life, and I am the one who should be able to say it, for I have known you ever since you were a wee fluffy pup. Taking your life through, you have been generally very faithful to duty, old boy.

"You are only a dog, but one strange thing about you is: You have always been a great lover of the Church Service. Yes, old boy, much more

so than many people I have known. Indeed, stranger still, we still have great difficulty in keeping you out of church as soon as service time arrives. How is it?

"And, old boy, I have always noticed that when you are reproved for wrongdoing, you take the reproof in the spirit of humility. And so humiliated have you sometimes been after reproof, that I have often refrained from reproving you lest it should hurt your feelings too much. I tell you, old boy, oftentimes a little more of that quality in human beings would not be out of place.

"Now, don't get conceited," he aded, "for I do not say that you have always profited by reproof when it has been given, and perhaps you are much like human beings in that. Like them also, you have a short memory for things you do not want to remember.

"Yet, I verily believe I have always expected too much of you, for now I think upon it, there are not many of my friends who care about being reproved at all and more's the pity."

I was not able to understand much of what my master said, but I did understand the tone of his voice, and I knew it was friendly, so I stood up and looked my appreciation.

"Yes, old boy," he continued. You certainly do know how to appreciate a word of praise, and you never fail to show genuine gratitude when it is given."

"And, comparing you with men, I have known

some who have exhibited less courage before an enemy than you invariably show.

"And look here," added he, pointing at me with his finger, "I am going to tell you something else that will make you proud. Many boys and girls often whimper and complain at what is set before them to eat, and as for returning thanks to the Great Provider! well, they would never think of doing so were they not told.

"But, I am glad to say you always receive your meals with expressions of gratitude more or less fervent, and oftentimes with great pleasure.

"And, further: Don't be proud when I say this: "You do not grab for your food like some dogs, but you will take it from one's hand gently and with the politest of manners, even though you are hungry, and do you know the same cannot be said of every boy and girl.

"Further, now I think of it: There have been times when bones were scarce, aye, old boy? Yes, and meat scarcer, but you have not worried overmuch, indeed you have shown great patience and sometimes independence, and have rustled your own bone, so as not to be beholden to anyone.

"I like to see that in a dog," said he, as though to himself, "and bless me, independence is not a bad trait in human beings."

All these honeyed words made me feel a little bit shy, and I became uneasy. But he said: "Now sit still till I have done." Then he continued:

"I have noticed, too, that you have often been provoked by heartless and thoughtless children,

and I have concluded that sometimes a little nip with your teeth would have been a good corrective for their cruelty, but no, you have suffered with a patience that was admirable.

"Now, sit still and hear me out," continued he. "I am only giving you what is your due, and am trying to keep to the truth.

"I quite understand the reason of your dislike for other meddling, intruding, unsociable dogs, and I have often sympathized with you when you have barked at them, for it happens that I, too, have known some meddling, intruding and unsociable people in my life, both young and old, and can testify how difficult it is to bear with them.

"Again, I marvel at your long-suffering patience and good spirit, in trying to make friends with people who will not be friendly, but persistently show that they have no sympathy for dogs. Have I not seen them snarl at you and put out their foot at you, and they surely would have kicked you had you not been quick to move out of their way.

"I observe, too, that you are true to your animal nature, and never go below it; whereas many people who have boasted of their superiority over animals, have fallen even below their level.

"Really, old boy, if some men were fortunate enough to be able to show such qualities as you have done, they would want it blazoned abroad in the newspapers, or perhaps they would presently expect a grateful world to inscribe their name

among the immortals upon the monuments of fame.

"Now, down boy," said he, as I jumped up to him to show my appreciation of all the honeyed words, the importance of which I could not understand.

"Down boy, I tell you. Let me finish my say." And he continued: "I am allowed to say this as I am your master, and I wish it put on record that you have given me some splendid lessons in determination, perseverance and faithfulness—these three things.

"Then, I have often noticed that once you have made up your mind to a certain course of action you are not easily turned aside from it. That is good, for a dog without a mind of its own is like a weak-minded boy, easily led astray.

"Then, again, you do not shirk a task because it is hard, for I have seen you burrowing at a gopher hole for half an hour as though you had determined to succeed, if success was attainable at all. But there is young Joe, and other people's young Joes, who will turn from a lesson to play simply because the lesson is a bit hard. I tell you, Togo, boys and girls might learn many a lesson from you with advantage; they would then learn not to waste valuable time at shirking a task because it is hard."

Again, I do not profess to have understood all the words of my master, but there was no mistaking the tone of his voice which was exceedingly friendly, and when he mentioned Joe's name I

could remain quiet no longer, but barked loudly.

"Just one more minute," said he, motioning me to sit down again; then he continued:

"They say that dogs have no soul, Togie boy, and that there is no hereafter for them. Now do you know, if I had my choice of companions in the next world, and it lay between dogs of your sort and character, and that of some persons I have known, I believe I would choose you, old boy, nay, I am sure of it.

"Most dogs live the best life they can according to their light, but I cannot say that of the general run of people.

"Yes, I know, there are good dogs and bad dogs; faithful dogs and unfaithful dogs; quarrelsome dogs and peaceable dogs. But it is generally found that dogs are true to their masters through fair or ill, through good report or bad report. I have known dogs to lead their masters home when they have been drunk, and those same masters have kicked and beaten them about unmercifully.

"Ah, yes! Goodness, love, faithfulness, sincerity, all these things are found in dogs, and, let me pat you on the back while I declare I have found these qualities in you to a great degree.

"Yet we say a dog has no soul, and no hereafter. Well, old boy, perhaps there are some things yet that men have not discovered." And so saying he opened the door and let me out into the beautiful morning's sunlight which was indeed beautiful to behold.

As a dog I have tried to learn a few things and have succeeded to a certain extent, and maybe I shall learn more ere I die.

Owing to my master being a public man it has been my fortune to meet a great number of people in my short lifetime, and I can count a great number of friends among them.

My master declares that those who know me best will love me best, and in saying that he flatters me, but I hope if it is not altogether true, that it will be in part.

I am now at the end of my story. There are no doubt, some things I have written that are interesting, and I hope profitable, too.

May this story provoke greater interest in, and sympathy for, those animals who are so dependent upon mankind for their well being and happiness.

O could I return to the days of puppyhood,
When my heart was light and free;
O, yes, I sigh for the days of doggiehood,
For the fun and jollity.

[THE END.]

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